

## THE CLARION.

THE TRAVELER SAID  
AT SUNSET.

BY JOHN D. WHITTIER.

Slow grow and deepen 'round me;  
The dew-fall in the air;  
The night-thrush call to prayer,  
The wind is sad with farewells,  
The hands unclasp from mine;  
Go to meet the darkness  
In an awful boundary line.

The lighted hearth behind me  
With slow, reluctant feet,  
The fire in the land of strangeness  
Face shall smile, what voice shall  
set?

How shall awe, what brightness blind  
The hand roll mustle stan?  
The processions sweep before me  
The unknown beneath the sun?  
From unaccustomed glory,  
The myriad-voiced strain;  
The forgotten faces,  
The lost ones speak again.

Not elude my mortal yearnings,  
My brother and my friend,  
Full life, divine and human,  
Sweetly and earthly blend.  
The joy of soul communion,  
The spiritual strength renewed,  
The peace for the pure and holy,  
The delight of doing good.

Dear is mine to fit ten  
The active rise and fall;  
The eye is mine to measure  
The gate and the jasper wall.

Must needs be more than know,  
After I never know  
The star is ready  
The white as snow!

Human words, Oh, Father!  
The truth to prove;  
The transcend my longing;  
The love, and Thou art Love.  
My lost and measured for  
The sheltered goodness will,  
The hope and faith (renewed)  
The Thy will!

## ATTERED IDOLS.

Human honored Miss Ferris with  
His supreme glances, which  
He failed to understand, which  
He recognized and unconsciously  
Although she dropped over  
The light and warmth.  
You going to say that you are  
This morning?" he asked  
replied.  
"You are surprised  
disappointed."  
"I am. Don't you wish I  
less."

And you came, for now I have  
More entertaining than Troil-  
oid novels."  
The novels cause the tears I saw  
Beautiful eyes?"  
"Are no tears there?"  
"You have been crying."  
"You mistake the mood; I was  
You know we sometimes laugh  
Tears come."

Not over Trollope's novels,  
The answer regarding her  
But he did not say he under-  
chemistry of tears, and could  
one of the first water from  
top. Those few wasted tears  
obliterate for a time selfish  
human was an idealist, a wor-  
admirer the virtues that  
picture, and potent thought  
into form. You are not  
efficiently in the casual ac-  
of such a character to care  
nose is Roman or Grecian,  
complexion is dark or light,  
teeth are a compliment to  
work of heart dentistry. He  
hologist, and handled dex-  
sharp-edged ax of thought,  
creeds to pieces, and when  
ax would not perform the  
inconceivable hammer was  
echo came back from the  
cares the intelligent reader  
of such a man? The mind  
in the beauty of thought is  
ating than the form of a god  
his roses.

Human had a dual nature; he  
list, and inconceivable. His  
ey created and his cold  
gleared the image until it  
the icicle that drops from  
to the hard pavement, shat-  
tousand pieces. But up to  
time the image of an ideal  
wonderfully fair and mar-  
tful, with eyes as bright  
but so very much nearer to  
the distant luminaries, was  
the sun was over the hills,  
adows of giant shapes cast  
their feet while the birds  
d strophe to the approach-  
day as it proceeded to the  
the cool morning air brought,  
a messenger from moun-  
and bubbling springs, Rod-  
the aroma of the morning  
etting very close to the side  
as he placed his hand on her  
pointed in poetic admi-  
rable peaks uncovered by  
mantle. While she listened  
the legend of the king's  
who hid herself in the recesses  
in to avoid a hated marriage,  
and enchanter, meeting her  
her into a mountain top  
oped down the mountain  
white fairy of despair; that  
arbled among the purple  
oded peaks, and tore itself  
shreds, and wreathed itself  
and tossed its sprays in the  
adventurer, till the hun-  
the mad torrent; how for  
you might hear this sound  
by distance to a dolorous  
an accent full of sorrows—  
came and petrified all its  
suble, and bound its wild  
could detect its murmur-  
dry fretters, sobbing to  
its own whisper, moaning and  
in a passion of sighs, and

the mountain shepherds would say  
"The Mad Torrent dreams over her vine  
and struggles in her dream."

But on the first spring night when the  
air was full of earth damps and forgot-  
ten fragrance of violets, they would  
awake with a chilly horror of impending  
avalanche and listen to the mad tor-  
rent calling with a hundred fearful  
voices for its deliverance from the tor-  
ments. For the legend ran that when  
the true lover of the king's daughter set  
out with staff and scrip to find his sweet-  
heart he came at last to a foaming cat-  
ract that fell in the image of a lady  
veiled; and weeping, he stopped to drink  
of it, and the cruel enchanter stepped  
behind and pushed him, and the cat-  
ract washed him down in spite of itself,  
rending the air with terrible cries and  
throwing out a dozen powerless arms;  
but he was never seen again. The mad  
torrent had method in its madness. The  
mad torrent had method in its madness.

"I suppose," said Miss Ferris, at this  
point, "that a lesson is to be learned  
from the legend."

"Yes," replied Rodman. "Love is an  
irresistible impulse; love is the enchan-  
ter."

"Yes, but the lover stopped to quench  
his thirst. It was not the longing of  
the soul that led him to the catract.  
This it is ever with lovers. It is self  
not self-negation that leads them to  
our side."

"Well, it was only to satisfy his thirst;  
he obtained immortality by the push and  
the end is just the same, no difference  
what the motive."

"But one likes to know the motive. I  
often look upon a sarging crowd and  
know that there is an ebb and flow of  
thought. I would rather know the  
thoughts, than the thinkers, wouldn't  
you?"

"I should like to, if it were possible to  
do it without asking impertinent ques-  
tions. If I knew your thoughts, for in-  
stance, I would have a beautiful guide  
to win a woman's love."

She turned to greet the postman, who  
brought her several letters, and without  
deigning a reply other than: "Mr. Rod-  
man, I have had a pleasant morning.  
I will be pleased to have you call when  
you return to the city. I go to-day."

Then she retired to her room to read  
a letter from her father and she, when  
he said, "Remember daughter, you are  
both beautiful and wealthy; when you  
fall in love see that it is a man who  
equals you in both," thought of the  
words of Kante:

"Love in a cottage with water and grass  
Is Love forgive us, water, and grass,  
and dust."

Sober thought, that fashions the out-  
lines of things, and reveals the powder  
patches of fancy, brought her to herself,  
and the cold, calculating woman, that  
moves in the social world and courts the  
happiness of dress parades, appeared.  
No ideal life for her, no ethereal exis-  
tence, no self-abnegation, no thought of  
exquisite bliss, no dreams of secluded life,  
but the reality of conquest stamped a  
cold, disdainful look upon her fea-  
tures, and the fragrance of the morning  
aroma was wasted. Within the secret  
existence of self, yet Ethel Ferris loved  
the ideal man, and Louis Rodman was  
the man.

Rodman, a genius, whose path in life  
lay along the line of daily toil and hard  
crucial experience, turned from the  
morning conversation to labor with his  
hands and build fancy pictures in the  
air of ideal forms and virtues. He pon-  
dered, "Beautiful beyond comparison,  
with a face expressive and intelligent,  
lovely and coy, as Arethusa; charming  
in manner and graceful in movement,  
I love her, yet I fear to touch, for the  
idol must be worshiped, not possessed.  
The Greeks never revered the household  
gods like they did Jove. The flower  
that grows on the rock beyond my reach  
seems the most perfect."

The summer passed and the winter  
approached, but the idol of Louis Rod-  
man's heart was perfect. He had  
planned a hundred creeds and erased  
every article; had seen as many more  
ideal faces and under his close analysis  
the idol became mere clay, of no more  
interest than the face of a bearded god,  
and at last he was forced to exclaim,  
"Human nature does not satisfy the  
critic of its kind more than it does the  
author of all. The idol away is idolized  
still, but when present too long the idol  
is shattered."

Again he meets the lovely and piquant  
Ethel Ferris in her luxurious home in  
the city. The woman is his highest  
standard, the gold she possesses is to  
him naught but brass. She greeted him  
with the loveliest, the sweetest of smiles.  
It was the old, old story, the noblest  
of human passions—that of love asserting  
itself.

"I thought you had forgotten me,"  
she said.

"The devoted never forgot the object,"  
was his reply.

"I was angry that you did not come or  
write."

"I am glad that you were angry."

"I am afraid the effort would not have  
been pleasing to you."

"I should like to see the angry fire  
leap in your eyes and consume your  
smile."

"I shall grasp that idea and run  
away with it if you do not talk serious to  
me."

"Then may I ask you how many men  
have fallen before you?"

"Mr. Rodman, I am not a Hercules or  
a Theseus."

"No you are an Armida to-day."

"Mr. Rodman, Armida was a sorcer-  
ess."

"She was a bewitching woman and  
compelled Rinaldo to forsake all and de-  
voted his life to her."

"The remark does not please me, any-  
how."

"I do not try to please you."

"Why are you so ungallant?"

"What is the use of adding sweetness  
to a rose?"

"It seems to me that you have mis-  
taken the flower. A rose has a thorn."

"Yes, I know it; it has pierced my  
heart, until now I thought it was Cupid's  
dart."

He was gay and erratic, corruscating  
with wit and repartee, ever watchful and  
critical to see if his case had any  
favorable features. He watched her, but  
he might as well have watched the  
growth of an apple, for Ethel was on  
her guard. Enthralled by her smile,

thrilled by the touch of her hand, he  
forgot the pleasures of a bachelor's life,  
forgot the companionship of the club,  
forgot all, save that the ideal woman  
stood before him, and then placing his  
hand on her forehead, he gently pressed  
upon her forehead with the other, then  
stooped and kissed her for full a min-  
ute.

"You are my ideal, my love. I love  
you."

"I know it," she replied archly.

"Is that the only answer you have to  
give me?"

"I am the mad torrent of your exis-  
tence. Quench not your thirst, the  
wicked enchanter's near. I am your  
idol now—after a while, a shattered  
one."

"Never, you are the only ideal woman  
in existence."

"You talk earnestly, but I believe this  
is play not love."

"Then let me speak to your father."

"If you promise not to be estranged  
by his decision."

"I promise you that I will always love  
you."

"Remember that you are an incon-  
sistent."

"Yes, but the arm that strikes a blow  
upon my favored idol will fall palsied."

Full of hope and life the two lovers  
entered Mr. Ferris' library. He received  
them graciously.

In a straightforward way Louis Rod-  
man told his story.

"I know you to be a worthy young  
man, but what have you to offer in ex-  
change for my daughter's hand?"

"My own."

"I mean that my daughter has a large  
fortune; have you an equivalent?"

"No, sir; I cannot buy your daughter  
with gold."

"Mr. Rodman, you are impertinent.  
I will not admit of such talk in my  
daughter's presence. I cannot give my  
consent to my daughter's union with a  
man without a competency." Turning  
to Ethel he said: "What does my  
daughter say?"

"I love Mr. Rodman, but whatever  
you say, I will abide by."

In his excitement, Rodman, standing  
near the mantle-piece, raised his arm,  
and accidentally struck a costly vase,  
upon which was engraved a beautiful  
angel. It fell to the floor, shattered to  
a hundred pieces.

Ethel assisted him to gather up the  
pieces, and as he leaned toward her, he  
hoarsely whispered "A shattered idol."

Without another word the proud, sensi-  
tive Mr. Rodman, bowed himself out,  
but Ethel followed him to the door and  
entrusted him to speak with a lingering,  
a loving glance. All she said was: "Re-  
member your promise."

Mighty indeed were the strokes of the  
inconceivable hammer in the hands of  
Rodman for the next two years.

Never again did he picture an ideal  
woman. In all his dreams the picture  
of a woman never appeared else than a  
hag. He forgot his promise to Ethel,  
who persuaded her father to relent be-  
cause he liked the spirit of the young  
man, and she sat down to wait for her  
proud lover's coming. Patiently she  
waited a year. Then when she had al-  
most forgotten the idealist, they met one  
summer morning at the old retreat  
where she listened to the gentle words  
of love. She held out her hand, and he  
grasped it.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Rodman;  
where have you been all these years?"

"Looking for the Mad Torrent."

"What would you do if you found it?"

"Quench my thirst." Then he raised  
her hand to his lips, but she gently  
drew it away.

"I am one of your shattered idols."

"Then let me worship you."

"Better find one that enjoys neglect,  
at whose shrine no one kneels. There  
comes my husband, Mr. Rodman, will  
you stop and meet him?"

"Your husband!" he sighed, partly  
with a sense of relief from intense em-  
otion, partly too, on account of the lesson  
which it taught him, that there are im-  
pulses and influences in life, for which  
even a proud nature must have some  
reverence.

## Get the Best.

New York Sun.]

There is no place where this bit of  
advice is of more value than in the  
selection of tools and implements for  
the farm. A good ax, hoe or plow is  
cheaper at a high price than a poor  
one would be at less price than half  
its cost. With a good tool one can  
do much more work with less expendi-  
ture of force—which means muscle  
—than with a poor one; so that it  
saves both ways. Besides, it serves  
a purpose as a moral agent. You  
will find much less ill-temper and  
profanity on the farm, where poor  
tools are discarded, than on one  
where they are used. \* \* But this  
is not all; when you have done your  
duty in procuring the best tools, they  
should be kept in the best order—  
sharp, bright and always ready for  
use. Given two workman of equal  
ability, one furnished with a good  
hoe in perfect order and the other  
with a dull and rusty one, the former  
will do by a large percentage the  
most work, and will do it with more  
ease. And what we have said about  
hoes applies to all tools and appliances  
on the farm without exception.

## Impure Lager—Beware of Bright's Disease.

Those who indulge in lager beer cannot  
be too careful with reference to its quality.  
Lager is a frightfully prolific source of that  
malady, Bright's Disease of the kidneys.  
Fortunately, lager drinkers now have their  
antidote. It has been incontestably proved  
that Bright's Disease, and all diseases of the  
kidneys, bladder, liver, and urinary organs  
are curable by the use of that infallible  
kidney and liver medicine, Hunt's Remedy.

Gen. John B. Gordon led many brave  
Georgians to the cannon's mouth, while  
mothers were saving the lives of their  
babies with Dr. MOFFETT'S TETRAHYDRA  
(Teething Powder)—our Druggists supply  
them. For sale by Byron Lewis.

## Southern Proscription.

Detroit Free Press.]

In the suburbs of Natchez I found a  
Northern man. He was digging worms  
alongside the fence and getting ready to  
go fishing, and his wife sat on the back  
steps smoking corn-cob pipe and kicking  
with her bare feet at the chickens when-  
ever they came too near. The man had  
black patches on the knees of gray pants,  
a leather belt in place of suspenders,  
and he chewed plug tobacco and squirted  
the juice around with a vigor which  
would have earned him two dollars a  
day in any other locality. There was  
only one room to the house, and the fur-  
niture would have been no load at all  
for a skeleton mule.

"Yes, I'm from the North—from Illi-  
nois,"—he said, as we sat down in the  
shade for a talk, "and I made a great  
mistake in moving down here."

"How came you to move?"

"Well, some of the folks back there  
got down on me because they missed  
some hogs, and it got so hot I concluded  
to move."

"And how do you like the South?"

"Not a bit. It's no country for a go-  
ahead man. There's nothing here to  
rouse a man's ambition to rip and tear  
and bust things. I've accumulated four  
dogs, three fish poles and a shotgun  
since striking this country, but I feel  
homesick and discouraged."

"How does your wife feel?"

"Clear discouraged. Why I'd hardly  
know her to be the same Sarah Jane  
Baker. She's run right down to a skele-  
ton, and she's got heaps on her mind."

"Say, we've been here better'n a year,  
and not one of the ladies in Natchez has  
called on her!"

"No."

"Solemn fact, stranger! When we first  
came she greased her shoes and washed  
her best calico and called on every lady  
in town, to show 'em that she wasn't  
proud nor stuck up, but nary one of  
them has returned the call. They know  
we are from the North, you see, and they  
cut us out that account. I tell you, the  
Northern family has to suffer down here.  
They are entirely ostrichized from soci-  
ety. Sarah, Sarah Jane!"

Sarah came around to our side of the  
house in answer to his call. I am a mar-  
ried man, and therefore competent to  
judge, and I remembered that I judged  
she had just the single garment of a  
dress, and half the buttons were missing  
from that. Her bare feet went spat!  
spat! spat! and I further judged that  
they hadn't been washed since the win-  
ter break-up.

"What do you want?" she growled  
out.

"Say, Sarah, haven't we been ostrich-  
ized here in Natchez, 'cause we're  
from the North?"

"Dead right you are old man," she re-  
plied, as she blew a cloud of smoke from  
her mouth. "But what do we keep? We  
kin hold our heads up and bust around  
for all that. If they don't like us, let  
'em look 't'other way. Come, ye'd bet-  
ter be off to the river after suckers. If  
ye don't git fish to-night, ye go to bed  
with a stomach as empty as yer wallet."

## The Good of Fallowing.

Nearly all the good of fallowing is  
obtained by a green crop that is either  
plowed under, or fed to live stock,  
and the manure returned to the land.

A soil gains in its stock of available  
plant food by growing crops, if one  
of the soil elements are removed.

Pasture is one of the best  
methods of recruiting land. Potash  
and phosphoric acid are brought up  
from the lower soil by the roots, and  
finally deposited either on the sur-  
face or in the turf. In like manner  
the nitric acid that might have  
escaped in the drainage water, is  
captured by the roots, and changed  
into a fixed form in organic com-  
pounds. A quicker method of renew-  
ing the strength of a feeble soil is to  
sow some scavenger plant like buck-  
wheat, and plow under the whole  
crop, thus adding organic matter rap-  
idly to the surface soil. This may be  
followed by clover, a plant that has  
a special renovating power, and by  
growing throughout the whole season  
is one of the best means of gathering  
and holding fertility. The fallowing  
is valuable, but in most cases a grow-  
ing crop does a larger and more last-  
ing work of restoration.—Dr. B. D.  
Halsted, in American Agriculturist  
for June.

Miss Clarissa Banks, Summit, Miss., says:  
"Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of dyspep-  
sia of two years' standing."

One of the oldest living ex-members  
of Congress is Joseph Grinnell, of New  
Bedford, Mass., who was a member of  
the House from 1843 to 1851.—Current  
Item.

That may be something remarkable  
for New England, but down here where  
it's healthy, it is too common to talk  
about. One of our ex-Congressmen,  
who was elected in 1835, J. F. H. Clai-  
borne, is writing history in Natchez;  
Samuel J. Gholson, who was elected in  
1837, is practicing law at Aberdeen, and  
Jacob Thompson and Wm. M. Gwin,  
who were elected in 1839 and 1841, re-  
spectively, are still living, though not in  
this State.—Meridian Observer.

Mr. Thomas A. Morgan, of Jackson, says:  
"As a tonic Brown's Iron Bitters is excel-  
lent."

"Mamma, what did uncle George  
mean by the apple of your eye?" asked  
Dollie of her mother as they were  
returning home from a visit to her  
uncle's house. "Oh, he was referring  
to the pupil of my eye dear. It is  
quite a common expression." "I  
thought perhaps he saw some green  
in your eye and thought it was an  
apple."

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and good cheer.

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amine for yourself, or send for Circulars and Price List before purchasing. Yours truly,

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Jackson, Miss., April 11, 1883-4.

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